

I am the good Shepherd.
John 10:11

The Shepherd

I AM THE DOOR OF THE SHEEP. John 10:7.

The good Shepherd giveth
himself for the sheep.
John 10:11

Hansen, Rev. A. K.
Deeds

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Third Sunday after Epiphany COMFORT

Epistle: II Cor. 1: 3—11.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort: Who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound unto us, even so our comfort aboundeth through Christ." —II Cor. 1:3—5.

"In all our affliction": We can not escape affliction. That is part of the heritage of the race of sinful man from the fall. Where sin has led the way, afflictions will follow. Neither is the Christian, whose sins are forgiven, immune to affliction. In fact there is one kind to which he is particularly exposed. His godly life is a source of constant irritation to his ungodly neighbors who would excuse and justify their own ways by the sins of their fellows. So the professing Christian who has Christ in his heart, and from whose life Christ shines forth, soon finds that he is living in a hostile world. "Yea, and all that would live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (II Tim. 3:12). The world has no more love for Christ now, than when it crucified Him, and when Christ is revealed in us, we may well experience that "the sufferings of Christ abound unto us."

"Our comfort aboundeth through Christ": But "as the sufferings of Christ abound unto us, even so our comfort aboundeth through Christ." That was Paul's experience. We need comfort in affliction, and there is always enough, if we seek it through Christ. For in the measure that the sufferings abound, so will the comfort also abound through Christ.

"Through Christ" — Christ is the channel of comfort. It is He Who connects us with God, the one and only ultimate source of all true comfort. They who do not know, or will not recognize Christ as God's channel of comfort, and who do not know God as "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ", can never know God as "the Father of mercies and God of all comfort." Many, not trusting in God, turn elsewhere for vain comforts and false hopes. Others, despise the channel of comfort God has opened to us in Christ and His redemptive work, and seek to make a channel that is more in conformity with their own wayward thoughts. How unspeakably sad that men should forfeit comfort and hope and resign themselves to despair when Christ would give us access to such a limitless source of comfort!

The believer that has yielded to Christ as His Lord, experiences that God's comfort abounds through Christ. He comes to trust in God and love Him. He finds God to be His merciful heavenly Father. The limit and shallowness of all other comfort appears as He receives grace day by day to trust in Him Who is "the God of all comfort". Acclaim Jesus Christ as your Lord, that God might be your Father—the Father of mercies, and you will experience the unfailing and abounding comfort that sustains in every trial.

"That we may be able to comfort": Afflictions are not without profit. "For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory" (II Cor. 4:17). Afflictions can also be a training for service in this life. The sufferings we must endure teach us to feel for others and to understand their trials. And the comfort God gives us is not labled: "for home consumption only." The comfort we have experienced enables us to comfort others. Christ is the main channel of comfort—we, the side channels. Lord make us clean and open channels through which God's comfort might reach some afflicted brother in our corner.

Blessed be God for His comfort to us, and (by His grace) through us. Amen.
—A. K. H.

FOREIGN MISSIONS CHARITIES HOME MISSIONS

Mrs. Sigvald Netland.

Fifty years ago Dec. 8th, 1892 Miss Olene Hermanson and Miss Olava Hodnefield left for our mission field in China. A committee is planning a golden jubilee in their honor, and the readers of the Shepherd should be informed by someone.

On January 25th, 1893 they reached their destination — Hankow, China. What a treat to meet in a strange country — far away from home — the future leaders of our mission: — Ronning, Netland, and Nelson. They certainly received a hearty welcome!

From now on the story of these two ladies follow different routes, and in order to save space I shall at this time continue the story of the former. I hope some one else more patient with the pen will write a short biography of Miss Hodnefield.

Miss Olene Hermanson from Nicollet County, Minnesota is the first diaconess, and the first member of the Norwegian Synod that did pioneer missionary work in China. In 1894 she was married to Rev. Sigvald Netland, and some time later she moved with him to his station in Fancheng, China. In 1895 our family paid them a visit, and we certainly had a fine time. Both of them were gifted musicians. Netland could sing, played on four different kinds of harmonicas, and the accordion; and Mrs. Netland sang and played on the organ. There certainly was a Spiritual sunshine in that home. Being that Mrs. Netland was a diaconess they had already opened a dispensary, and daily were treating patients. And by the grace of God had healed many. They had built up a small congregation of devout believers. When I saw how happy they were with their two children — I had a premonition that such happiness is too good to last. What put this thought in my mind I do not know.

The following summer 1896 the Netland's came down to visit us in Hankow. An epidemic of Asiatic Cholera was mowing down the Chinese like grass by the thousands every day. We took all possible precautions we could think off. One of our servants took an attack in the night. He died in the night — alone on the porch outside our bedroom window. Why had he not let us know! Maybe he died suddenly — this is Cholera! Two other members of the household got it but recovered, but we must not let that delay this story.

On August the 8th at 4:00 P.M. while Netland was shaving he fell off the chair — cholera! His wife got him into bed and began to administer first aid. The severe pain and cramps in the spine soon spread all over the whole body. Before we were aware of the lapse of time Dr. Thompson was there. He ordered the patient to the Catholic hospital. While the doctor and the nurses were fighting cholera with hypodermic needles and hot applications, Nelson and Mrs. Netland were struggling with the Lord in prayer — Again and again came the refrain: — "Thy will be done!" At 12:00 P.M. the doctor almost played out, told them if he could keep Netland alive for another hour the fight was won! In less than half an hour he announced that the fight was lost: — "Prepare for the end!" Then one of the sisters walked over to the bed and held a golden cross above his face and admonished: "Kiss the cross, and your soul will be saved." In a clear voice that could be heard by all present he answered: "I know what you mean — I believe in Jesus Christ, and that when He died on the cross He atoned for my sins!"

Then Mrs. Netland walked in to the room to say goodbye to her husband. They had been married only a few short years. Why had she forgot to take the girls along so they could have said goodbye too. Only a few words between them, and then his soul was gone! She got up and walked out of the room. The Lord had placed a heavy cross upon her shoulders, but she carried it without a murmur, and the courage that



The girls in this picture are wearing dresses furnished by Ladies' Aids or made from materials sent in through the Box Work department. The Home Home at Wittenberg in the background.

has never failed her shone from her blue eyes.

Next day August the 9th I was standing on the South porch of the mission station. It must have been late in the afternoon — warm and sultry. Large willow trees lined both sides of the street. Dark brown caterpillars had stripped the trees of more than half their leaves. Finally! — what we had been waiting for came. Rev. Landahl and Rev. Nelson led the procession. Then came Netlands coffin carried by four stout Chinese. Two of Netlands converts: a tall heavy set man, and a short slight man brought up the rear. Just then I happened to glance to my left. There stood Mrs. Netland holding Amanda on her left arm. Frightened Sigfried clung on to her mothers right hand. Then Mrs. Netland raised her right hand and waved her handkerchief. In a few moments later the procession vanished in the crowd. Without saying one word or uttering a sob, she entered the same room where Netland took sick the day before; I presume to meet her Lord in prayer. Mrs. Sigvald Netland is the bravest woman I ever met!

It is a hard work for a widow to bring up two children and make a living, but some how she made a go of it. In 1916 her children were grown up, and able to take care of themselves; so she vounteered again. She was stationed in Chosan, but on account her health she had to return after a short term.

Seven years ago she was in an accident. Her hip socket was smashed, and the hip bone was pushed four inches in to her body. Everybody expected her to lay down and die in peace. But the Lord had other plans. She is up and around. If you happen to pass through Fergus Falls, drop in and see her, at the Pioneer Home.

If you care to send Mrs. Netland or Miss Hodnefield a small remembrance at this time. Address it to Rev. Geo. Holm, 1544 Fulton St., St. Paul, Minn.

Now my patient reader I wish to thank you for your kind attention.

Peter E. Nelson.

Psalm 27:14

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

It is one of God's great mercies that He has given us, that we can depend on His promises concerning salvation, and He wants us to hold these up before Him when we cry to Him in our distress. He wants to be conquered by means of His own word. When Jacob went to Mesopotamia God gave him this promise that he would bring him again into the land which he had promised. However, when Jacob returned, God came one night and Jacob wrestled with the angel of the Lord. Then Jacob held up before the Lord His promise. His prayer was answered as it was based on God's own promise.

Jacob, instead of losing his life, received a blessing from the Lord. Thus did Moses and David and the people of God who were governed by His Spirit.

Home Missions

Mrs. Geo. Hendrickson—Canada District.

(One of talks given at the general Convention by district presidents.)

The various landmarks already discussed are all included in Home Missions. All the work of the church depends upon home missions.

We look back upon a hundred years of progress in the N.L.C.A. Home Missions came first. The christian pioneers organized to spread the gospel through Word and Sacrament—to reach the unchurched—to hold and train young people to carry on foreign mission work. This spirit of the pioneers continues to live in Home Missions.

Study the recent records of Home Missions. More than 600 congregations have received over 200 pastors. Several evangelists are serving us. A church extension fund is available. There are Missions for Seamen, Immigrants, the Deaf and Blind, and for the Indians and the Eskimos. The largest home mission work we have is among Canadians and Americans.

Are there any tendencies to disregard the ancient landmarks in Home Missions? Instead of a pure and undefiled gospel, we often hear a "social" gospel. There are many false teachers who give substitutes for "Christ Crucified." We pass off so lightly the error of evolution which undermines faith. Our work is often ineffective because we labor in our own strength. Often we are clannish and feel responsible only for Norwegians. Must we not strive for the salvation of all nationalities in our community?

The W.M.F. is now celebrating its Silver Jubilee. For twenty-five years we have had a large share in the advancement of Home Missions. May we ever strive for a clearer vision of our Lord so that we can lead our friends and neighbors to Him. Today we are at war, within, without. Home Missions is home defense. If we weaken or become indifferent the enemy has the advantage.

Let us mobilize to fight in God's strength for the defense and expansion of Home Missions. Thus we defend our nation and remove not the ancient landmark.

He is the God of our salvation. Human help does not avail against the devil and death. The love of father and mother may fall short, but God's mercy endures forever. His promises are yea and amen.

May we ever praise Him for His love and mercy.

—George Bruce.

Thoughts

Strive to be such patriots as not to forget that you are Christians. —Edmund Burke.

All history is mystery until it is read as His-story. —Arthur T. Pierson.

The SHEPHERD — HYRDEN

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Canada's Mounting Liquor Bill

The Canadian Temperance Federation has made its annual estimate of the consumer cost of liquor in Canada. It covers the liquor year ending in 1941. This estimate is based on the figures given in the reports of the various provincial Control Boards. In most provinces the liquor year ends in the spring; in two in the fall.

Since in provinces where beer is sold in beer parlors or taverns by licensees or authority holders the report of the board gives only the wholesale value of such beer, an estimate is necessary to cover the spread in the consumer's cost. The cost of permits where they are required is included. Particulars for the various provinces will be found in this issue of the Temperance Advocate.

The estimate of liquor expenditures in Canada for the liquor year closing in 1939 was \$179,338,353; in 1940 it was \$191,628,976; for the closing in 1941 it is \$232,456,090. These estimates do not include any item for illegal sales.

Speaking in the House of Commons in reference to the 1939 bill, Hon. R. B. Hanson estimated the illegal sales in Canada at \$20,000,000 and the total expenditures for that year at \$200,000,000. If the same figure for illicit sale holds for 1941, Canada's liquor bill for that year is well over \$250,000,000.

In most provinces a year has elapsed since their last report issued. In some at least it is known that the increase in the legal sales for the year will be about 25%.
—*Temperance Advocate.*

Contributors to the Luth. Hour C.F.R. N, Edmonton, Alta.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Stolee
Miss Alice Stolee

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Stolee

The following two contributions in memory of uncle John Larvik:

Mr. & Mrs. R. L. Magneson and family,

Mr. & Mrs. E. M. Magneson and family.

Mr. & Mrs. H. Knudson

Mr. & Mrs. M. Reitan

The following in memory of Mr. John Branes, Cereal, Alta.:

Mr. & Mrs. M. C. Wold,

Mr. & Mrs. Justin Branes,

Mrs. C. Wold and Harris Wold,

Mr. & Mrs. E. M. Magneson,

Mr. & Mrs. C. J. Holm,

Mr. & Mrs. John E. Bergh,

Mr. & Mrs. O. H. Bergh,

Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Branes.

In memory of Norman Johnson, Donald, Alta., from his Sunday School Class sent in by Mrs. H. M. Johnson, Donald, Alta.

Mr. Norman Fluvog,

Mr. & Mrs. J. T. Sand,

From a Friend, Edmonton.

The following sponsored a broadcast:
Central Luth. Congregation, Edmonton,
The Golden Valley Ladies Aid, Viking,
Rosebush and Edberg Ladies Aids, Edberg.
—*Clarence Holmberg.*

Notice

Dr. Iversen informs us that the Canada District Church Convention dates are July 1—4, 1943. Fuller details of place and program later.

SMALL TOWN'S BIG SHOT

Small Town has a big shot. Not as big as he imagines, but that isn't because he doesn't try. He is undoubtedly in the "Upper Four Hundred" of Small Town's 399 population. The same ambition that drove the Austrian paper hanger to become the Great Dictator has impelled this worthy citizen to establish his reputation.

Reputation might be quite different from character. Our leading citizen has realized that and so has concentrated on building up a reputation. No thought or worry about character as long as the reputation is not ruined. That has been the rule for many self-appointed big shots.

Small Town's big shot realized early that his was a useless honor unless he should succeed in getting others to recognize it. He felt that he needed supporters, admirers and worshippers!

He considered the fortunes of his nearest rivals. These were big shots numbers two and three. He feared and trembled as he thought of how many unthinking persons in town were ready to give either of these top rank. But that must never be! He shrank back a bit when he thought of the course these others had followed. But it had brought them much attention with little effort. From now on he would not permit a few scruples of conscience to stand in his way to success. He would beat these other fellows at their own game. And the father of sinful pride drove him on.

He reasoned that he had been too particular in his views on temperance. Adhering to these views, so thoroughly believed and faithfully practised by his parents, was undoubtedly losing him some support. The pool players and the beer bibbers could give strong vocal support. He thought it therefore best to change; for after all times had changed a great deal. Even his parents would realize that had they been here now. This was the time men were drinking in moderation. This was the time that it "was smart to drink." To be the first of the big shots in Small Town he would have to be smart. And the old fashioned church people wouldn't know.

It was astounding what success came to him with the beginning of his new life. The conscience bothered a bit at the start, but after he had joined big shots numbers two and three in a few drinks he heard little from conscience. The big talk in his swelled head prevented any small voice being heard.

The praise he received from others was sweet indeed. He was hailed as a hero; he was proclaimed to be a man with courage—one who dared by his acts to show that he believed in liberty. Yes, even in the liberty to take a drink when he liked. Such praises from his rivals and others of their society made "Big Shot" feel big indeed. He was convinced that he was now in the true society. He didn't realize that he was now a loud, loose talker, like those he had before pitied and considered spineless saps.

Such big shots (and little shots) are more dangerous to the small towns and big towns of our lands than bombs. They are the dupes who have believed the fifth columnist of the nation whose propaganda states, "It is smart to drink." Unfortunately many follow them. These big shots have shot holes in the moral fibre of our nation. Let us blast the liquor traffic from our land!

—*J. B. Stolee.*

HONOR ROLLS

This is to inform all congregations having men and women in the Army Forces that specially prepared HONOR ROLLS, for the names of those in the Service, can be had free by applying to Mr. Anderson, Civilian Director of Army Recruiting, Third Floor, Laurentian Building, Ottawa, Canada.

N. Willison,
Chairman, Canadian Lutheran Commission for War Service.

Norwegian Relief

It may be of interest to the readers to know that a gift of \$10,000.00 was given by Mr. Bernhard Baruch, Wall Street millionaire. This is to be used for various forms of Relief.
—*I. I.*

**Grindstad—Pederson
Grindstad—Johnson**

The Lac Qui Parle Church south of Midale, Sask., was the scene of a pretty double wedding on November 28, 1942, when Ruth Grindstad became the bride of of Harold Chester Pederson, and Julia Grindstad became the bride of Sanford Enoch Johnson. Pastor A. K. Haugen of Torquay officiated.

The bridesmaids were Evelyn Pederson, and Ruby Johnson, and the best men were Haakon and Olaf Grindstad. Myrna Hoiium served as flower girl. Mrs. Enger of Lake Alma played Lohengrin's wedding march. During the signing of the register Mrs. A. Shelstad sang "Give of your best to the Master". Herbert and Olaf Hagen of Lake Alma served as ushers.

A reception was tendered for about 300 guests in the church basement after the ceremony. Forty relatives and friends were seated around a prettily decorated table.

Many visitors from outside points were present for the occasion. This included people from Fortuna, N. Dak., Bienfait, Colgate, Oungre, Weyburn, and Lake Alma, Sask. The happy couples left on their honeymoon to Winnipeg. The Pedersons will reside in the Lac Qui Parle District, and the Johnsons north of Lake Alma, Sask.

In Memoriam

The following memorial gifts to S.L.B.I. are by request acknowledged in the Shepherd: Spring Creek Ladies Aid — to Mrs. Christ Myhre \$3.00; Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Johnson, Mr. E. Gaarden, Mrs. M. P. Kristlock, Mrs. T. Kvello, and Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Marken — to Mrs. Annie Jorgenson \$2.50.
—*G. O. E.*

More Volunteers Needed

The Principal Chaplain has asked the Canadian Lutheran Commission for War Service for the names of more volunteers for Chaplaincies. All the men, who have volunteered and have been able to qualify for service, have now been appointed or are in the process of being appointed. Our Chaplains write of the great opportunities that they have and of the great enjoyment they get out of their work. If you would like to join our Canadian Lutheran Chaplains, please let us have your offer of service. We shall be glad to answer any questions regarding the conditions. In general they are these: The age limit is forty-six years. Three years experience in the Ministry is required and a Certificate of good health must be provided. Canadian or United States Citizenship is needed. The next volunteer might find immediate appointment. Please let us hear from you.

N. Willison,
Chairman, Canadian Lutheran Commission for War Service.

The New Leaf

He came to my desk with quivering lip,
The lesson was done.
"Have you a new leaf for me, dear Teacher?
I have spoiled this one." [er?]

I took his leaf, all soiled and blotted
And gave him a new one, all unspotted;
Then into his tired heart I smiled:
"Do better now, my child."

And then I went to the throne with trembling
The year was done. [ing heart,
"Have you a new year for me, dear Master?
I have spoiled this one."

He took my year, all soiled and blotted
And gave me a new one, all unspotted.
Then into my tired heart He smiled,
"Do better now, my Child."

—*Anonymous.*

A New Year is here. In many aspects a dark year. Yet there is the light of the Gospel shining in the darkness. And Christ said, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." It is with this thought in mind we extend to our readers sincere wishes for a Blessed New Year.

Litt sjelesorg

Spørsmål: Der er et spørsmål jeg stadig gaar og bærer paa, og det er: hvad skal jeg gjøre med min synd? Jeg vil være taknemmelig for et kort svar paa dette spørsmål for dig.

Der er saa mange som slet ikke tenker paa hvad de skal gjøre med sin synd. De vil bare fortsette i sine synder. Naar dette spørsmål er blit saa alvorlig for dig, da er det et merke paa at du er vakt. Det var det samme der skedde paa pinsedag, da Peter og de andre apostler stod der og talte. Der staar, at det skar dem i hjertet, og de sa: I mænd, brødre, hvad skal vi gjøre? De følte at der maatte gjøres noe, men det stod ikke klart for dem hvad de skulde gjøre. Ja, slik gaar saa mange idag. De er vakte og urolige. Samvittigheten anklager, og de ønsker bare at faa vite hvad der maa gjøres for at faa fred for det arme hjerte.

Det første jeg vil nevne er ikke, hvad du skal gjøre, men hvad Jesus har gjort. Det hjelper ikke hvad vi gjør, hvis vi ikke faar øinene aapne for hvad Jesus har gjort.

Profeten Esaias forteller om det meget klart: Han er saaret for vore overtredelser, knust for vore misgjerninger, straffen blev lagt paa ham, for at vi skulde ha fred, og vi har faat lægedom i hans saar. Es. 53, 5. Det var netop denne gjerning Jesus utførte under hele sin lidelse, og den naadde toppunktet, da han sa paa korset: Min Gud, min Gud, hvi har du forladt mig? Han kjendte da hveldeskvalen over vore synder, men han blev ikke i denne kval. Han sa: Det er fuldbærgt! og da hadde han fuldkomment betalt for vor synd. Han hadde gjort det som vi ikke maktet. Han hadde ordnet vor sak hos Gud. Gud krevet ikke, at der skulde gjøres noe mer med synden. Han krevet ikke, at vi skulde maatte lide straf for en eneste synd. Dette er altsaa, hvad Jesus har gjort. Nu er spørsmålet: Hvad krevet Gud at vi skal gjøre? Han krever ikke mer end at vi skal tilstaa at den synd der var lagt paa Jesus, det var min synd. Det var netop den synd, der gjør hjertet urolig. Tilstaa alt for Gud. Du tar alle de synder du kan huske og si, alt dette har jeg gjort, men David var ikke fornøiet med at si det paa den maate. Han sa: Alt der er ondt i dine øine, det har jeg gjort. Det blev en lang liste av synd. Det kjendes ikke saa let at maatte tilstaa alt, ti der blir saa uendelig meget av synd. Først blir det at hjertet er saa fordervet og ondt, og dernæst blir det alle de mange synder i tanker, ord og gjerninger.

Det er dette vi kaller opgjør med Gud, og det er et velsignet opgjør, ti saa snart at vi har tilstaaet alt det vi kan huske og som samvittigheten og Guds ord har mindet os om, da har vi det mest herlige løfte fra Gud igjennem hans ord. Der staar nemlig i 1 Joh. 1, 9: Dersom vi bekjender vore synder, er han trofast og retferdig, saa han forlater os synderne og renses os fra al uretferdighet.

Grunden til at han behandler os paa en slik maate er den at straffen blev lagt paa Jesus, for at vi skulde være fri, og vi blir fri i det samme øieblik at vi bekjender alt og ikke vil skjule vore synder. Dette er det herligste et menneske kan opleve her i verden, og derfor sier David: Salig er den hvis overtredelse er forladt og hvis synd er skjult. Salig er det menneske hvem Herren ikke tilregner misgjerninger, og i hvis aand der ikke er svik. Sal. 32, 1.

Det er uøndvendig for et menneske at gaa og bære paa sin synd. Der er aapen adgang at faa komme til Gud med alt og saa bli frelst. Det er saa godt her i tiden at ha sin synd forladt, men tenk paa hvad det vil være naar man skal staa ansikt til ansikt med Gud i evigheten og saa faa høre at der er intet opført imot os. Vi er fri og frelst for evig. Jeg haaper nu at du, kjære ven, vil tilstaa alt for Gud, og saa vil han gjennom sit ord si til dig: Vær frimodig, dine synder er dig forladt. Eller han kan bruke andre Guds ord for at gi dig forvisning om, at alt er utslettet.

—*S. H. Njaa.*

Vær forberedt paa at Kristus kan komme igjen naar som helst. Det er Bibelens lære. Og følger du den, er du paa eneste sikre side.

* * *

De Mennesker som bevæger Verden, er de som ikke lader sig bevæge af Verden.

Jeg er den gode Hyrde.

Joh. 10:11

THE SHEPHERD

Hyrden

JEG ER DØREN TIL FAARENE. Joh. 10:7.

Den gode Hyrde setter sitt

liv til for faarene.

Joh. 10:11

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Andet Nr. i Januar, 1943

4. søndag efter helligtrekonger

MED JESUS I STORM

Evangelium: Matt. 8, 23—27.

Han gik da ind i baaten, og hans disciple fulgte ham.

Og se, der blev en stor storm paa sjøen, saa at baaten skjultes av bølgerne. Men han sov. Da gik disciplene til ham og sa: Herre, frels! Vi gaar under! Og han sa til dem: hvorfor er I rædde, I litet troende? Saa stod han op og truet vinden og sjøen og det blev blikstille.

Men mændene undret sig og sa: hvad er dog dette for en, hvem baade vindene og sjøen er lydige?

DET hadde været en travel dag for Jesus og hans disciple. Og nu vilde han over vandet for at faa den nødvendige ro for sig og sine venner. Træt som han var la han sig ned back i baaten og sovnet straks.

Imidlertid blaaste det op til storm. Og skjönt de alle var erfarne fiskere som kjendte den lunefulde indsjø ut og ind, saa blev de nu ængstelige. Den lille farkost kunde ikke greie det længer. Vandet fosset ind ved hver sjø. Da vækket de Jesus og ropte: Herre red os, vi gaar under!

Uten at reise sig ser han paa dem og sier: hvad er det I er rædde for? Kan den lille stormen forvirre hele eders tro? Jeg var dog i baaten selv om jeg sov. — Da først reiste han sig og bød uveiret lægge sig. Og det blev blikstille.

Det var ikke bare den dag paa Tiberias-sjøen disciplene var ute i storm med Jesus. Aldrig hadde de oplevet saa mange og saa mange slags uveir som siden de forlot sine fiskefartøier og fulgte Jesus. Og de kunde nok bli skræmt, som nu idag der ute i baaten. Men intet uveir, ingen motstand og vanskelighet kunde skræmme dem fra Jesus.

Hadde vi kunnet spørre dem: Hvad vilde I helst, levet sammen med Jesus uten alle disse farer og vanskeligheter eller med dem? da vilde de vist alle som en ha svart os: Med Jesus uten alle disse vansekeligheter — ja, det vilde nok været herlig ogsaa det. Men stormene og vanskelighetene har gjort det hele saa vidunderlig rikt. Det er disse som har gjort ham saa stor for os. Naar vi stod der ganske fast og ikke visste nogen raad saa vendte vi os til ham. Og han greiet alt for os. Saa rolig, saa sikker. Aldrig var han i tvil. Aldrig stod han fast.

Og de vilde vist ha føiet til: nu vet vi at livets lykke ikke bestaar i at undgaa motgang og trængsel og lidelse og savn og sorg. Lykken bestaar i at kjende ham som er sterkere end alle livets uveir. At faa være i baat med ham som truer alle stormer og gir os kraft til at bære alle lidelser.

Den som vil være med Jesus kan aldrig undgaa storm. Det har været saa alle dage. Hvordan er det i din lille baat idag? Kan hende der sitter en forskræmt discipel i den og stirrer paa bølgerne, som blir værre og værre. Gaa til Jesus, min lidelsesfælle! Han venter paa at du skal fortælle ham din stilling. Og husk at han hjalp sine venner dengang, skjönt de saaret ham med at være rædde.

Han venter ofte længe inden han griper ind. Vi synes ofte han venter for længe. Av den grund at vi vil ikke ha det ondt, hverken timelig eller aandelig. Men han griper ind først da, naar nøden har gjort os avhengige av ham. Da blir hans hjelp en virkelig hjelp: den gir os paany den barnlige tillid til ham.

Og der findes intet paa jorden saa godt, saa salig som det at stole paa Jesus. "Salig er hun som trodde". Der findes heller intet som vi ærer og glæder vor frelser mere med.

*Sørger du endnu min sjæl!
O, nu hvortil tjener sorgen?
Tro dog Jesus vil dig vel,
skjönt hans raad dig er forborgen.
Ak, hvor ofte har hans magt
rosert ut av torner bragt.*

—O. HALLESY.



hr. og fru NILS FJELDHEIM
(ved siden av sit hus i Asker.)

Dette er Taksigelses dagen i Minnesota. Efter vor Gudstjeneste besøkte jeg et gammelt ektepar ute paa landet. De mindet mig om Mr. and Mrs. Nils Fjeldheim, Camrose, hvis hjem brukte at være i Asker menighets omegn, øst fra Ponoka, Alberta.

Da jeg betjente Wetaskiwin kaldet var Fjeldheim hjemmet ofte min stoppe plads. Altid hjerte rum; alltid hus rum! Jo, kom bare, pastor, vi skal lage rum. Samtalen dreiet sig omkring vor Herre, og troens liv og kamp. Vi sang sammen; bad til Gud sammen — ja, venner, det var forsmak av Himmels herlighet. Fjeldheim hadde mange haarde kamper — ofte paa liv og død, men Gud gav seier i betimelig tid. Ofte hentydet broren til Luther's Bordtaler. Vor ven var Luthersk helt igjenem — slike vor Herre ønsker at se. Asker menighet visste akkurat hvor Fjeldheim stod i saken. Slike er det velsignet at samarbeide med. Begge gik frem i den Helligaands lys og kraft.

Billedet av Fjeldheims er et jeg tok utenfor deres hus i Asker. Ønsket nu at gi dem en blomst menns de lever. Gud velsigne dere venner! Tak for alt de gjorde for mig og mine de fem aar. Jeg har mange velsignelser, og stor nytte endnu, av de gange vi var sammen. Bed til Gud fremdeles for os, venner.

Saa tilslut hjertelig hilsninger til vennerne i Wetaskiwin kaldet, tilige alle Hyrdens lesere.

Eders i Kristus forbundne,
Benjamin Ostrem.

Slik Er Jesus

Moody sa engang: Jeg tenker mig til, da Kristus befalte sine disipler aa gaa ut og preke evangeliet for alle, at Peter da spurte: "Herre, er det virkelig din mening at vi skal vende tilbake til Jerusalem og preke for dem som myrdet dig?"

Jeg mener da Jesus svarte: "Ja, gaa og finn fatt i den mann som spyttet mig i ansiktet. Si ham at det finnes ogsaa rum for ham i mitt rike. Gaa og finn fatt i den mann som flettet tornekrone til mig, og si ham at jeg har en krone i beredskap til ham, om han vil gaa inn i mitt rike, og at der i den kronen ingen torner er. Søk aa finne den mann som stakk sitt spyd i min side, og si ham at det finnes en mere direkte vei enn den til mitt hjerte."

Gud anvender ofte et meget ringe Redskab naar han skal udføre et stort Arbeide.

Tilfredshet beror ei saa meget paa hvad hjertet har, som paa hjertet der har den.

FRA SYD AMERIKA

Mange av Hyrdens lesekreter vil vere interesseret i at høre fra Trygve Salte, missioner til Syd Amerika. Torjus Lee, Bromhead, Sask., var saa snild at send os et brev fra Salte, og vi gjengir utdrag av dette:

"20, Juni, 1942

Kjære ven og broder i Herren:

... Som du vel har hørt saa har jeg veret syk like siden ihøst, eller siden november. To tropiske sykdomme som er noksaa almindelige i dette klima for oss utlendinger, fikk nesten overhaand paa mig. Det vil si at de tok all kraft. Ingen smerte men en terende trethet saa jeg nesten ikke kund gaa, dertil kirker det paa nerverne. Nogen faar det med at de blir redd alt og alle, men det tok ikke mig slik. Jeg fryktet ikke noget men blev til tider overmandet av en forunderlig svakhet som endte op i graat. Men nu har jeg ikke grett av den grund paa flere maaneder, saa der er fremgang.

Nu er snart juni maaned tilende og det er nesten godt. Mai og Juni er to urolige maaneder her. Mai er serlig sat til side for tilbedelse av jomfru Maria og da er der fyrverkeri og leven hver eneste dag saa at si, med processioner i gaterne og skraal paa alle vis. I juni er der flere andre statuer som skal hedres saa det gaar i et. De begynder ofte i firetiden om morgenen med at sende op fyrverkeri. Det knaller og smelder saa baade luft og jord skjelder. Nu paa søndag begyndte de kl. fire. Da vi er midt i byen og ved hovedgaten saa er ingen leven som gaar os forbi. Efter at ha fyret av flere salver med raketter saa kommer hornmusikken igjennem gaterne i fuld blast. Lørdags kvell var det enda verre. Da var det som hele byen var paa fødderne. Utenfor kirken var det fyrverkeri av alle slag, under barnas og voksnes skrik, blandet med kirkeklokkerne og hornmusik saa du kan forestille dig spektaklet.

Alt dette var til ere for en statue, Santo Luis. Søndag hadde de statuen ute for at lufte den lidt. Dersom det ikke var saa bedrøvelig da det er deres gudsyndelse, saa er det latterlig. —

Søndag kveld hadde vi fuldt hus for møtet. Der var en god aand over det. Vi venter paa at der skal ske noget iblandt folket her. Vil du ikke vere med oss i denne forventning, og i bøn om det. Men det sker ikke ved magt eller kraft men ved Guds aand. —

—Trygve Salte.

Korte Blyantstrøk

De kunde vel i fristelser og svakhets stunder overrumples av kjødet saa de taler og gjør hvad de ikke burde og altsaa forgaar sig. Men leg merke til deres sind saa skal du bli var forskjellen mellem disse og hine, naar hine forsøker at undskylde sin synd og tar det lite nøie, saa fordømmer og begreder disse sine daarligheter og ber inderlig, ikke blot tilgivelse hos Gud, men ogsaa om kraft til at avstaa fra al synd og urenhed. Det er det rene hjerte, den nye villige aand som slaar igjennem saaledes.

Deres rene hjerte er enig med aanden og ordet og derfor bedømmer de ogsaa synden som den Helligaand bedømmer den. Betragter du et saadant menneske, naar det i sit lønkammer utøser sit hjerte for Herren da skal du høre dets selvbebreidelser, dets klager og bønner og merke dets knesfald taarer og kamp. Aller verst er det naar man ikke selv synes at merke den rene vilje, det hellige hat til synden, men klager over at de elsker sin synd. Leg merke til denne klage over at de ikke kan hate synden. Visselig maa den aand som klager derover vere ren. Ja netop deri beviser det rene hjerte sig. Er det ikke saaledes for dig? —G.

Den som vandrer med Gud, vil ikke se Fremtiden imøde med Frygt.

Draget bort, ubekjendt, hvorhen?

Det var i en tet befolket gate i en storby, hvor et ungt postbud søkte efter en mand ved navn Simonsen. Da husnumrene var noget utydelige, hadde han allerede søkt efter ham i to huse og traadte nu noget mismodig ind i det tredje. I gangen mødte han en dame, som han tiltalte med de ord: "Bor ikke Simonsen her?" — "Simonsen!" var svaret. "Jo, han har boet her, men han er flyttet — jeg vet ikke hvorhen — og har ikke efterladt nogen adresse."

Medens den gamle uttalte disse ord langsomt og betenksomt, kom en anden beboerske ut fra en mørk trappegang og stadfestet det, som var blit sagt, med de ord: "Ja, han er flyttet ja, han er død." — "Ja, det er han", bekreftet endnu engang den første, hun hørte ikke godt, "han er flyttet, vi kan ikke si Dem hvorhen!"

Postbudet tok i en fart det nevnte brev og skrev paa baksiden efter reglementet: "Flyttet, ingen adresse efterladt." Bakefter skrev han ordet død med streg under. Derpaa stak han atter brevet i tasken og bragte det saaledes ubesørget tilbake til posthuset. Der faldt det en høiere embedsmand ihende, og da han hadde lest denne merkelige paaskrift, sa han til det unge postbud: "Vilde De ha efterladt Dem nogen adresse, dersom De var 'flyttet' paa denne maate?" Postbudet kunde imidlertid ikke forstaa, at der var noget urimelig i denne paaskrift.

Først om aftenen da han var kommen i seng, blev paaskriften ham viktig. Gjennagte gange mumlet han: "Virkelig — død — flyttet — ingen adresse efterladt! Og dersom du iaften skulde flytte fra denne verden, vet du da, hvor din vei fører hen? Kunde du efterlate en adresse og si til dine paargjørende, hvor de kunde finde dig?"

En fryktelig kamp opstod i hans sjel. Søvnens vek fra hans øine. Alle hans lemmer skjalv, og i sin sjels indre hørte han det sakte svar: "Nei, du kan ikke efterlate dig nogen adresse, ti du vet ikke, hvor du kommer hen, naar du forlater denne verden." Derpaa var det for ham, som om en usynlig haand grep ham og drog ham ned paa knæ. Endelig trengte det suk frem fra hans sjel: "Herre, frels mig!" Han vidste ikke selv, hvor lenge han hadde bedt. Men endelig lød disse ord i hans indre: "Hvor jeg er, der skal min tjener ogsaa være", og han blev roligere. Han følte tilmode som efter et uveir.

Da postbudet nogen tid efter saa den anden postembedsmand, sa han: "Nu vet jeg, hvad De mente den dagen, og jeg vet ogsaa min adresse, naar jeg forlater denne verden!"

"Naa", svarte den anden, "og hvorledes lyder den da?"

"Hos Kristus", var det hurtige svar; "ti han sier: Hvor jeg er, der skal ogsaa min tjener være!"

"Ja", svarte den anden, "der skal jeg ogsaa en gang være."

Du, kjære leser, skal ogsaa en gang forlate denne verden. Vet du da, hvor du drager hen?

—Vd. f. B.

Islam i Kina. Islam er meget aktiv i provinsen Yunnan i vestre Kina. Det opprettes skoler i mange distrikter. I de senere aar er det startet en masse maaned- og ukeblade som prøver aa presentere Islam saa tiltalende som mulig, særlig for ungdommen. Man har tatt op en rekke kristne uttrykk og anvender dem paa Muhammed. En misjonær skriver at man skulde tro de handlet om Kristus, dersom man ikke uavlatelig møtte frasen: "Den hellige Muhammed, den største og siste profeten."

Daapen mister aldri sin gyldighet, undtagen du i forvillelse ikke mere vil vende tilbake til din frelse.

* * *

Selv om daapen forrettes hurtig, saa varer dog det den betyr like til døden, ja til opstandelsen paa den ytterste dag.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany

Matthew 8: 23—24

Dr. O. HALLESBY

"It was not only on the Sea of Galilee that the disciples had had been out in a storm with Jesus. Never had they experienced so many and such variety of storms as since they had forsaken their nets and followed Jesus. They could be frightened at times, as on this day out there in the boat. But no tempests, no adversity could frighten them away from Jesus.

If we could have asked them which they preferred—to live in fellowship with Jesus without all these dangers or with them—do you not think they would all have answered with one accord: With Jesus without the difficulties—that too would have been glorious. But the storms and the difficulties were the very things that made Him so great to us. When we were at our wits' end and did not know what to do, we turned to Him. And he never failed. So calm was He, so confident.

And they would no doubt have added: now we know that the joy of life does not consist in avoiding adversity and tribulation, but in knowing Him who is stronger than the strongest tempest, in being aboard the ship with Him who rebukes every storm and gives us strength to bear every suffering.

He who would have fellowship with Jesus can never avoid the storms of life. It has ever been thus.

How are things in your little boat today? Perhaps there is a frightened disciple who sits staring at the waves as they mount higher and higher. Cry to the Lord Jesus, and remember that He helped His disciples yon night on the Sea of Galilee, even though they grieved Him by their unbelief and fear. Oftentimes He waits a long time before He intervenes. We think He waits too long. We seek to avoid all hardship, both temporal and spiritual. But He does not intervene until our distress has made us dependent upon Him. Then His help becomes real help, renewing our childlike confidence in Him.

—From *God's Word for Today*.

"LEST WE FORGET"

Is it necessary for us to be reminded of our obligations? Certainly not, and yet we find that there are so many of our leagues that have forgotten. Forgotten What? you ask. Simply this, that as Local Luther Leagues we are also members of the District organization and as members, it falls upon our shoulders to aid the district in the carrying on of its work, by means of our contributions.

In 1936 the board made a recommendation that every local league should contribute at least one (\$1.00) dollar each year to the District. Looking over the records we find that very few of our local leagues have contributed to the District Luther League. One of these, namely Edmonton, has contributed three times. Bawlf comes second with two contributions. The other eight have contributed once. Note that this is during a seven year period.

Naturally this report does not make allowance for Circuit contributions, through which several locals would be represented. The records show, however, that only one Circuit has sent in a contribution during the last four years.

Contributions to the District Luther League

Year	Leagues	Circuits	Amount
1936	1	1	\$12.00
1937	2	4	\$46.00
1938	2	2	\$11.00
1939	—	—	—
1940	1	1	\$12.00
1941	1	—	\$ 1.00
1942	6	—	\$ 6.00

Some one has said "The records speak for themselves" If this is true, it can certainly be said of us that we have failed. But having failed in the past need not mean that we are going to fail again. Therefore let us make our 1943 motto read, *Every Local League a Contributor*.

Marvin B. Odland,
District Treasurer.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

Editor, Rev. G. O. Evenson, Outlook, Sask.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." (Matt. 5:6)

It is easy to understand that before an unbeliever sincerely seeks the forgiveness of sins and righteousness in Christ he must desire these blessings. Before there are more conversions of unbelievers there must be among them more spiritual hunger. Our preaching must seek to arouse a hunger for God's blessings.

But this verse was spoken to those who already were disciples of Christ. Must they who have already feasted on His righteousness continue to hunger and thirst for it? Did not He say on another occasion that those who believed in Him would never hunger and thirst?

Certainly He did. But spiritual life is not a once-for-all-time vaccination. It is a life that must be nourished. Just as the physically healthy person frequently hungers for food, so the spiritually healthy person hungers for the grace of God. As the psalmist declares, "My flesh and my heart cry out for the living God."

But the child of God can always satisfy his hunger and thirst, for his Heavenly Father offers him access to inexhaustible riches in Christ. May you constantly hunger and thirst for righteousness. May you always find satisfaction in Christ. This year 1943 will be full and blessed only as it is lived in and for Christ.

A Reminder

According to the last report from the YPLL office, the Moose Jaw, Peace River and Swift Current Circuits are far short of their shares in the "Youth for Christ" offerings. The local leagues of these circuits yet have time to make their contribution for 1942, as the fiscal year closes January 31, 1943. The love of money is the root of all kinds of evil. But on the other hand money used in the Lord's work will win friends for heaven.

"Faith For These Times"

"But without faith it is impossible to please Him (God): for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. 11:6).

"Faith For These Times", based on Hebrews 11, was surely a fitting theme for the Southern Alberta Circuit Luther League convention which was held in the Nidaros Lutheran Church, Claresholm from October 23 to 25.

Questions such as these are often asked: "What is Faith?" "Of what value is faith to me and my daily life?" "Has what we call faith much, if anything, to offer me in this day and age of so much uncertainty and lack of sureness in anything?" What better place can we look in order to answer the many questionings of our hearts than to the picture gallery of living faith as revealed in chapter 11 of Hebrews, especially as we look at the first verse which tells us what faith really is. "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Have we this faith as Luther Leaguers today, especially in these trying times of trouble and turmoil? May we thank God for the faith of our forefathers, and of those who have gone on before us — that living faith which was so definitely and clearly brought out to us throughout this convention by the various leagues of our circuit under the following topics: "Sacrificing Faith"; "Trusting Faith"; "Obedient Faith"; "Upward Looking Faith"; and "Suffering Faith", as depicted by the various characters of God's Word. To receive the reward of faith (a sure place on the right of our Father in Heaven) we must have, by the grace of God, these essential elements of Faith. How many of us have, or are striving by the grace of God to attain to, such a faith, a faith that will really sacrifice something — one that will ever trust and obey the will and bidding of God in all things — always looking onward and upward-fighting, willing to suf-

fer the many things of this life, knowing that they are nothing in comparison to the glory that shall be ours when we come to our own, with all the other children of God in Heaven? We have the promise from God, "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (1 John 5:4).

We were pleased to welcome into our midst a new worker in our circuit. May Evangelist and Mrs. P. Hanson be richly blessed in their work while amongst us. Evangelist Hanson brought us some stirring messages, especially "The Assurance of Knowing that I am a Child of God — How may I have that Assurance." We were also pleased to have with us as guest speaker Rev. Holm of Scandia, who gave the message on Sunday morning. Rev. R. Olson, who had charge of the service, expressed the desire to have this service set apart for our many Luther Leaguers in the armed forces, especially the ones who had gone out from our midst into active service. May God richly bless them and bring them all back to us soon.

We always enjoy to shake hands with and to fellowship with the many fine young folks from Scandia, and we hope that our acquaintance will deepen and broaden out more and more. Rev. Arneson also had his car full of young Luther Leaguers from Bow Island and district. On Sunday afternoon we had the installation of new officers, and in the evening the convention came to a very suitable close as we gathered around the Lord's Table and partook of His true Body and Blood as nourishment and strengthening to our faith.

The following officers were elected: President — Anker Berg, Claresholm; Vice-pres. — Edith Nerland, 719—5th Ave. W., Calgary; Secretary — Cora Severtson, Enchant; Treasurer — A. Thompson, Claresholm; P.T.M.Sec. — Merline Howg, Enchant.

Greetings and God's richest blessings to all our fellow leaguers near and far. So many of our young people and Leaguers have gone from our midst into the armed services and various other jobs and schools, but even though we are small in number we must have faith and courage to carry on.

—Dagny Berg.

New Circuit Allocations

As was stated in the November issue, the 1943 allocation of our youth project for Canada district Luther League is \$500.00. By correspondence the district board has established the following allocations to our circuits:

Camrose	\$85.00
Edmonton	85.00
Manitoba	15.00
Moose Jaw	50.00
Peace River	25.00
Prince Albert	75.00
Saskatoon	55.00
Southern Alberta	35.00
Swift Current	40.00
Yorkton	35.00

"Youth Check-Up"

"Where are our confirmands?" is a question that has been ringing through our ears the past few years. Let's find them. We suggest that you as a Luther League launch a "Youth Check-Up" or "Survey" at your own home base in the very near future. Purpose:

- 1) To win back those who have become careless, and
- 2) To hold those already interested in Luther League.

After a survey has been taken of the confirmands of the last five years, prepare a good follow-up program inviting all of the prospective members as guests for the evening.

Detailed information, survey cards and Luther League material will be available at the YPLL Office, 421 South Fourth Str., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Write us soon.

—Better Leagues.

P. A. Circuit L. L. Convention

The Prince Albert Young People's Luther League Circuit convention was held in Concordia congregation, near Ordale, Sask., Nov. 13—15.

The theme considered during the convention was "Light for a Dark World". This was fully brought forth by the pastors from the neighboring parishes, and by the young people who presented the following topics: — "How Can I Find It?" (John 12:36), Arne Berstad of Fairy Glen; "How Can I Use It?" (John 12:35), Olive Nodeland of Hagen; "How Can I Share It?" (1 John 1:7), Donald Hanson of Weldon. The guest speaker, Rev. B. O. Lokensgard of Saskatoon, based his Saturday evening message on John 1:12—20, asking the question, "Who are you? — Are you Christ-like?"

Pastor P. Lerseth from Birch Hills led us in Bible study on 1 John, pointing out to us that God is Light, Love, and Eternal Life. We should become children of light, after which we are to confess our sins (1:9), keep His commandments, base our salvation on the merits of Christ, not love the things of the world (2: 15—17), and be able to discern the spirits (2:18).

On Saturday afternoon we held our business meeting at which the following officers were elected; — President, Henry Haugen; Vice-President, Arne Berstad; Secretary, Ruth McFarlane; Treasurer, Kenneth Arnestad. We welcomed Pastor Korshavn, who had arrived in the circuit since our last convention; and two new leagues recently organized in his parish — Norden and Lake Park, were accepted as members of the circuit organization.

On Sunday the church was filled to overflowing. Pastor B. O. Lokensgard preached at the morning service, telling us that Christ provided a Way and draws people to Him, though we are all unworthy of His grace. He gave us this meaning of the word faith: — *Forsaking All I Take Him*. The massed choir, directed by Mrs. Asals of Weldon, sang several hymns during the forenoon and afternoon sessions.

Many other musical selections were also rendered at the other sessions of the convention as well. Many young people also stood up and testified as to what their Lord and Savior had done for them and encouraged others to seek Him as their Savior too.

Let us then, young Luther Leaguers, go out into this dark world and shine as "children of the light."

Gladys Jacobsen,
Reporter.

The Coming Year

Another year of grace has gone, and are we better for it—

Have we corrected some mistake, or, chosen to ignore it?

Now as we trek into the new and scan its clean-swept stages,

What will our entries be, O heart, upon its daily pages?

Will we take time to thank the Lord for each and every blessing?

And will we traverse holy ground, His ground, without trespassing?

Will we discern our lowliness as strangers on His planet,

His mercy seek—obey His laws of ten, hewed in the granite?

Whate'er our lot this coming year, O let us let us be contented,

And cling securely to the cross—with prayer be there cemented!

When drought and pestilence and floods upset our very nation,

Let's not forget "His will be done" — for His is all creation!

—Selected.

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